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SOCIETY HYMNS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

ON

Evangelical and Experimental Subjects.

Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me.—*Psal.* l. 23.

PRINTED AND SOLD BY *MANNING & LORING*, No. 2,
CORNHILL, *BOSTON*.

SOCIETY HYMNS.

Hymn I.

A Mercy-Seat.

NEAR to thy mercy-ſeat, O God,
With conſcious guilt I come:
No ſacrifice but Jeſus' blood
Can for ſuch guilt atone.

2 Nor am I ſafe with ſuch a plea,
Though Jeſus bled and dy'd;
My broken heart muſt healed be,
My conſcience purify'd.

3 Then may I venture near thy throne,
When mercy points the way;
Then, offer incenſe not my own,
And humbly dare to pray.

4 How did my ſoul, in ſeaſons paſt,
Enjoy thy gracious ſmiles!
So ſweet thy word, ſo lov'd thy courts,
So hateful Satan's wiles.

5 But darkneſs, doubts, and ceaſeleſs grief
Poſſeſs my weary heart:
When wilt thou come to my relief,
And bid my foes depart?

6 I cannot bear to wander thus,
And ſtill thine abſence mourn;
Aſſiſt thy humble penitent
To make a quick return.

7 Into thy bleſſed arms I fly;
Dear Jeſus, bid me come;
My ſpirit ſeeks no other reſt,
My ſoul no other home.

Hymn II.

The Church's Requeſt.

THE little flock, on Zion's hill,
In happy union bleſt,
Implore their great Redeemer, ſtill
To grant them *one requeſt.*

2 Diſtinguiſh'd mercy found a place,
And led the flock to reſt:
Head of thy church, we ſeek thy face,
To grant us *one requeſt.*

3 Thy ſovereign favours, freely giv'n,
Our hearts have deep impreſt;
Still hear our pray'r, indulgent Heav'n,
And grant us *one requeſt.*

4 While ſome are gather'd to the fold,
By mercy's high beheſt,
Do thou our infant ſtate behold,
And grant us *one requeſt.*

5 With thoughtleſs ſouls, and anxious mind
Thy courts are daily preſt;

That each a portion here may find,
O grant us *this requeſt.*

6 A faithful *paſtor*, Lord, prepare;
'Twas Jeſus' great bequeſt;
For this we raiſe our ceaſeleſs pray'r:
O grant *this one requeſt.*

7 Then ſhall our grateful hearts adore
Thine interpoſing love;
This gift beſtow'd, we'll grieve no more,
But wait the joys above.

Hymn III.

Return of Joy.

WHEN darkneſs long has veil'd my mind,
And ſmiling day once more appears;
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving heart,
And bluſh that I ſhould ever be
Thus prone to act ſo baſe a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

3 O! let me then at length be taught
(What I am ſtill ſo ſlow to learn;)
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the ſhadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and eaſy to repeat;
But when my faith is ſharply tried,
I find myſelf a learner yet,
Unſkilful, weak, and apt to ſlide.

5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the diſobedient will;
Drives doubt and diſcontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is ſtill.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praiſe receive;
Be ſhame, and ſelf-abhorrence, mine.

Hymn IV.

Loveſt thou me?

'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it cauſes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord, or no;
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeleſs frame?
Hardly, ſure, can they be worſe,
Who have never heard his name.

3 [Could my heart ſo hard remain,
Prayer a taſk and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild,
Fill'd with unbelief and ſin,
Can I deem myſelf a child?]

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;

You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my ſtubborn will,
Find my ſin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 [Could I joy his ſaints to meet,
Chooſe the ways I once abhorr'd;
Find at times the promiſe ſweet
If I did not love the Lord?]

8 Lord, decide the doubtful caſe!
Thou who art thy people's ſun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

Hymn V.

Penitential Prayer.

WITH conſcious guilt and bleeding heart,
Near to thy throne of grace I fly;
O! Friend of friendleſs ſinners, deign
To hear my penitential cry.

2 Borne down with ſin's tremendous load,
I cannot raiſe my ſoul to thee;
E'en when I would approach thy throne,
Through unbelief I'm kept away.

3 O! sov'reign, gracious, pow'rful God,
Compel my sins to quit their seat:
And, cloth'd with Jesus' finish'd robe,
I'll dare approach my Saviour's feet.

4 My first, my only cry shall be,
"Thy sanctifying grace impart,
"And form my soul alike to thee,
"And dwell forever in my heart."

5 Then, when I quit this vale of tears,
Uncloth'd with flesh, my soul shall rise;
Adorn'd with ev'ry shining grace,
Shall reign with God above the skies.

Hymn VI.

Private Devotion.

TELL me, ye happy, happy few,
What is the theme that suits you best?
Do you advert to native worth,
Or build your hopes on duties past?

2 If you are blind, and poor, and lost,
Speak ye of light, and joy, and peace?
"O yes (methinks you all reply)
"Sinners alone will bow to grace."

3 Christ is the theme, the only theme,
Of all the ransom'd heirs of God;
His life alone the law fulfill'd,
And saints were purchas'd with his blood.

4 How sweet the moments glide away
When Jesus deigns to be a guest;

When humble ſouls their joys reveal,
And lean, enraptur'd, on his breaſt.

5 Like drops of water, pure and free,
We mingle all our joys and fears;
The gloom of conſcious guilt recedes,
And hope looks ſmiling through our tears.

Hymn VII.

Penitential Sighs.

FATHER, at thy call I come;
In thy boſom there is room
For a guilty ſoul to hide,
Preſs'd with grief on ev'ry ſide.

2 Here I'll make my piteous moan;
Thou canſt underſtand a groan:
Here my ſins and ſorrows tell;
What I feel thou knoweſt well.

3 Ah! how fooliſh I have been,
To obey the voice of ſin,
To forget thy love to me,
And to break my vows to thee.

4 Darkneſs fills my trembling ſoul,
Floods of ſorrow o'er me roll:
Pity, Father, pity me;
All my hope's alone in thee.

5 But may ſuch a wretch as I,
Self condemn'd, and doom'd to die,
Ever hope to be forgiv'n,
And be ſmil'd upon by Heav'n!

6 May I round thee cling and twine,
Call myſelf a child of thine,
And preſume to claim a part
In a tender Father's heart?

7 Yes, I may, for I eſpy
Pity trickling from thine eye:
'Tis a Father's bowels move,
Move with pardon, and with love.

8 Well I do remember too
What his love hath deign'd to do;
How he ſent a Saviour down,
All my follies to atone.

9 Has my Elder Brother died?
And is juſtice ſatisfied?
Why, O why ſhould I deſpair
Of my Father's tender care.

Hymn VIII.

Humble Truſt.

LORD, didſt thou die, but not for me?
Am I forbid to truſt thy blood?
Is not thy pardon rich and free,
Seal'd in the kind atoning flood?

2 Who then ſhall drive my trembling ſoul
From thee to regions of deſpair?
Who has ſurvey'd the ſacred roll,
And found my name not written there?

3 Preſumptuous thought! to fix the bound,
To limit mercy's ſovereign reign;

What other happy ſouls have found,
I'll ſeek, nor ſhall I ſeek in vain.

4 I own my guilt, my ſins confeſs;
Can men or devils make them more?
Of crimes, already numberleſs,
Vain the attempt to ſwell the ſcore.

5 Were the black liſt before my ſight,
While I remember thou haſt dy'd,
'Twould only urge my ſpeedier flight,
To ſeek ſalvation at thy ſide.

6 Low at thy feet I'll caſt me down,
To thee reveal my guilt and fear;
And, if thou ſpurn me from thy throne,
I'll be the firſt who periſh there.

Hymn IX.

Inward Religion.

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its ſovereign virtue know.

2 More needful *this*, than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world beſtows;
Not reputation, food, or health
Can give us ſuch repoſe.

3 *Religion* ſhould our thoughts engage,
Amidſt our youthful bloom,
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my ſtubborn will ſubdu'd,
His government to own!

5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my converſation prove
My heart to be ſincere.

6 Preſerve me from the ſnares of ſin,
Through my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue ſhine
To my Redeemer's praiſe.

7 Let lively hope my ſoul inſpire;
Let warm affections riſe;
And may I wait with ſtrong deſire,
To mount above the ſkies.

Hymn X.

Hope ſet before us.

AND be it ſo, that till this hour
We never knew what faith has meant;
And, ſlaves to ſin and Satan's power,
Have never felt theſe hearts relent.

2 What ſhall we do? ſhall we lie down,
Sink in deſpair, and groan and die;
And, ſunk beneath th' Almighty's frown,
Not glance one cheerful hope on high?

3 Forbid it, Saviour! to thy grace
As ſinners, ſtrangers, we will come;

Among thy saints we ask a place,
For in thy mercy there is room.

4 Lord, we believe; O chase away
The gloomy clouds of unbelief;
Lord, we repent; O let thy ray
Dissolve our hearts in sacred grief!

5 Now spread the banner of thy love,
And let us know that we are thine;
Cheer us with blessings from above,
With all the joys of hope divine.

Hymn XI.

A Throne of Grace.

WHILE journeying through this humble vale,
Expos'd to ev'ry adverse gale;
If to the throne I could repair,
I should be happy, happy there.

2 When doubts and fears my mind perplex,
Or worldly things go wrong, and vex;
If to the throne my soul draws near,
Propitious hope removes each fear.

3 Lord, this it is which soothes my grief,
And to my soul yields such relief:
I cry, enraptur'd, bid me come,
And near thee find my lasting home.

4 How prone to seek my good below!
How much like a deceitful bow
Is my false heart; though pledg'd to thee,
When first I gave that heart away.

5 O never, never can I find
Such joy and tranſport to the mind,
As when my ardent ſoul deſcry'd
The glories of the Man who dy'd.

6 The robe my legal ſoul had wrought
With pray'rs and tears, appear'd as nought:
One view, O Saviour, of thy love,
Forever fix'd my hopes above.

7 There let them firm forever reſt,
With ſtill increaſing radiance bleſt;
Till death diſſolves this mortal band,
And I arrive in Canaan's land.

Hymn XII.

Praiſe for Redemption.

COME, ye redeem'd by Jeſus' blood,
Your grateful ſongs employ;
He brought your wand'ring ſouls to God,
And turn'd your grief to joy.

2 Think, ranſom'd ſinner, what a price
Was paid to ſet you free!
Th' Eternal Son was nail'd and dy'd
Upon the bloody tree.

3 Our yielding hearts cannot be cold,
While viewing ſuch a ſcene!
E'en nature trembled to behold
The ſuff'rings of her King!

4 The maſſy rocks in ſunder clave,
When Jeſus clos'd his eyes;

The ſleeping ſaints leap'd from their graves,
And darkneſs ſpread the ſkies.

5 Myſterious grace! all-conquering love!
Too deep for angels' ken:
That he whom ſeraphs praiſe above,
Should die for guilty men.

6 Then join, ye ranſom'd, in the ſong,
And, while ye taſte his love,
Let every ſaint the theme prolong,
Till call'd to praiſe above.

Hymn XIII.

Complaining.

I WOULD, but cannot ſing,
I would, but cannot pray;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my ſoul away.

2 I would, but can't repent,
Though I endeavour oft;
This ſtony heart can ne'er relent
Till Jeſus make it ſoft.

3 I would, but cannot love,
Tho' woo'd by love divine;
No arguments have pow'r to move
A ſoul ſo baſe as mine.

4 I would, but cannot reſt
In God's moſt holy will;
I know what he appoints is beſt,
Yet murmur at it ſtill.

5 O could I but believe!
Then all would eaſy be;
I would, but cannot—Lord, relieve;
My help muſt come from thee!

6 But if indeed I *would*,
Though I can nothing do;
Yet the deſire is ſomething good,
For which my praiſe is due.

7 By nature prone to ill,
Till thine appointed hour,
I was as deſtitute of will,
As now I am of power.

8 Wilt thou not crown at length
The work thou haſt begun?
And with a will, afford me ſtrength
In all thy ways to run?

Hymn XIV.

The Convert.

HOW ſweet is the language of love,
Which dwells on the penitent's tongue!
The theme of their heavenly joys,
The notes of Immanuel's ſong!

2 'Twas thus with the converts of old,
Though priſons and chains were their lot:
At midnight, when Jeſus appear'd,
They ſang, and their bands were forgot.

3 Immanuel's glory the theme,
Our hearts are inflam'd with deſire;

Or while of his ſuff'rings we tell,
We wonder, repent, and admire.

4 O bleſſed Redeemer, we come
With panting, and longing to be
Aſſured of pardon and peace,
And wholly conformed to thee.

Hymn XV.

Retroſpection.

SWEET was the time when firſt I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood
Apply'd, to cleanſe my ſoul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praiſes tun'd my tongue;
And when the evening ſhades prevail'd,
His love was all my ſong.

3 In vain the tempter ſpread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's ſmiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.

4 In prayer my ſoul drew near the Lord,
And ſaw his glory ſhine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promiſe mine.

5 Then to his ſaints I often ſpoke,
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almoſt broke,
For all my joys are gone.

6 Now when the evening ſhade prevails,
My ſoul in darkneſs mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

7 My pray'rs are now a chattering noiſe,
For Jeſus hides his face;
I read—the promiſe meets my eyes,
But will not reach my caſe.

8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my ſoul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
O come without delay.

Hymn XVI.

Prayer anſwered by Croſſes.

I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his ſalvation know,
And ſeek more earneſtly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I truſt, has anſwer'd prayer;
But it has been in ſuch a way
As almoſt drove me to deſpair.

3 I hop'd that in ſome favour'd hour
At once he'd anſwer my requeſt;
And, by his love's conſtraining power,
Subdue my ſins, and give me reſt.

4 Inſtead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,

And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cry'd,
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

7 "These inward trials I employ,
"From self, and pride, to set thee free,
"And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
"That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

Hymn XVII.

Exhortation to Prayer.

WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 While Moſes ſtood with arms ſpread wide,
Succeſs was found on Iſrael's ſide;
But when through wearineſs they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have you no words? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the ſad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly ſpent
To Heav'n in ſupplication ſent,
Your cheerful ſong would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

Hymn XVIII.

The Succeſsful Reſolve.

COME, humble ſinner, in whoſe breaſt
A thouſand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppreſt,
And make this laſt reſolve.

2 "I'll go to Jeſus, though my ſin
"Hath like a mountain roſe;
"I know his courts, I'll enter in,
"Whatever may oppoſe.

3 "Proſtrate I'll lie before his throne,
"And there my guilt confeſs;
"I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
"Without his ſovereign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
"Whoſe ſceptre pardon gives,

" Perhaps he may command my touch,
" And then the ſuppliant lives.
" Perhaps he will admit my plea,
" Perhaps will hear my prayer;
" But if I periſh, I will pray
" And periſh only there.
" I can but periſh if I go,
" I am reſolv'd to try;
" For if I ſtay away, I know
" I muſt forever die."

Hymn XIX.

The Loſt Sheep found.

WHEN ſome kind ſhepherd from his fold
Has loſt a ſtraying ſheep,
Through vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves,
And climbs the mountain's ſteep.

2 But O the joy! the tranſport ſweet!
When he the wand'rer finds;
Up in his arms he takes his charge,
And to his ſhoulder binds.

3 Homeward he haſtes to tell his joys,
And make his bliſs complete:
The neighbours hear the news, and all
The joyful ſhepherd greet.

4 Yet how much greater is the joy
When but one ſinner turns,
When the poor wretch with broken heart
His ſins and errors mourns!

5 Pleas'd with the news, the ſaints below
In ſongs their tongues employ ;
Beyond the ſkies the tidings go,
And heav'n is fill'd with joy.

6 Well pleas'd, the Father ſees and hears
The conſcious ſinner weep ;
Jeſus receives him in his arms,
And owns him for his ſheep.

7 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire :
" A wandering ſheep's return'd," they ſing,
And ſtrike the ſounding lyre.

Hymn XX.

Vital Union to Chriſt.

DEAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlaſting bonds ;
Our names, our hearts, we would reſign,
Our ſouls are in thy hands.

2 To thee we ſtill would cleave
With ever growing zeal ;
If millions tempt us Chriſt to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit ſhall unite
Our ſouls to thee our head ;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our ſouls divide
From theſe abodes of clay ;

But love ſhall keep us near thy ſide
Through all the gloomy way.
Since Chriſt and we are one,
Why ſhould we doubt or fear;
If he in heaven hath fix'd his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

Hymn XXI.

Pardoning Love.

HOW oft, alas, this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet Sovereign Mercy calls, "Return:"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canſt thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And ſhall a pardon'd rebel live
To ſpeak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious, how divine,
That can to life and bliſs reſtore
So vile a heart as mine!

5 Thy pard'ning love, ſo free, ſo ſweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy ſacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

Hymn XXII.

Prayer for Minister and People.

DEAREST Saviour, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wondrous love!
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That thy truth they may approve;
Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining courts above.

2 Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the gospel feast:
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them;
Every soul be Jesus' guest!
O receive us,
Let us find thy promis'd rest.

Hymn XXIII.

Walking with God.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light, to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!

But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet meſſenger of reſt!
I hate the ſins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breaſt.

5 The deareſt idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worſhip only thee.

6 So ſhall my walk be cloſe with God,
Calm and ſerene my frame;
So purer light ſhall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Hymn XXIV.

The Saviour's Invitation.

THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly ſound;
Ye doubting ſouls, diſmiſs your fear,
Hope ſmiles reviving round.

2 For every thirſty longing heart,
Here ſtreams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliſs impart
To baniſh mortal woe.

3 Here ſprings of ſacred pleaſure riſe,
To eaſe your every pain,
(Immortal fountain! full ſupplies!)
Nor ſhall you thirſt in vain.

4 Ye ſinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let ſinners fly,
And take the bliſs thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

Hymn XXV.

As thy days, ſo ſhall thy ſtrength be.

AFFLICTED ſaint, to Chriſt draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promiſe hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days, thy ſtrength ſhall be.

2 Let not thy heart deſpond and ſay,
"How ſhall I ſtand the trying day?"
He has engag'd by firm decree,
That as thy days, thy ſtrength ſhall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are ſtrong;
And if the conflict ſhould be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For as thy days, thy ſtrength ſhall be.

4 Should perſecution rage and flame,
Still truſt in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou ſhalt ſee,
That as thy days, thy ſtrength ſhall be.

5 When call'd to bear the weighty croſs,
Or ſore afflictions, pain, or loſs,

Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

Hymn XXVI.

Behold the Man!

YE that pass by, behold the Man!
The Man of grief, condemn'd for you,
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping, to Calvary pursue.

2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood;
His sacred limbs, expos'd and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.

3 See there his temples crown'd with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.

4 Thou dear, thou suff'ring Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love!

5 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd, when her Creator died;
O may our inmost nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucified!

6 At thy laſt gaſp, the graves diſplay'd
Their horrors to the upper ſkies ;
O that our ſouls might burſt the ſhade,
And, quicken'd by thy death, ariſe !

7 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and aſunder part ;
O rend, with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of our heart.

Hymn XXVII.

Praiſe for Converſion.

COME, ye that fear the Lord,
And liſten while I tell
How narrowly my feet eſcap'd
The ſnares of death and hell.

2 The flatt'ring joys of ſenſe
Aſſail'd my fooliſh heart,
While Satan with malicious ſkill
Guided the pois'nous dart.

3 I fell beneath the ſtroke,
But fell to riſe again ;
My anguiſh rous'd me into life,
And pleaſure ſprung from pain.

4 Darkneſs, and ſhame, and grief,
Oppreſs'd my gloomy mind ;
I look'd around me for relief,
But no relief could find.

5 At length, to God I cry'd ;
He heard my plaintive ſigh :

He heard, and instantly he sent
Salvation from on high.

6 My drooping head he rais'd,
My bleeding wounds he heal'd,
Pardon'd my sins, and with a smile
The gracious pardon seal'd.

7 O may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my God;
Nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad.

Hymn XXVIII.

Praise for the Fountain opened.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away!

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 But when this liſping, ſtammering tongue
Lies ſilent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, ſweeter ſong
I'll ſing thy power to ſave.

Hymn XXIX.

Compaſſion.

DID Chriſt o'er ſinners weep?
And ſhall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burſt forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder ſee!
Be thou aſtoniſh'd, O my ſoul,
He ſhed thoſe tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep,
Each ſin demands a tear;
In heav'n alone no ſin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Hymn XXX.

Jeſus precious to them that believe.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis muſic to my ear;
Fain would I ſound it out ſo loud,
That earth and heav'n might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my ſoul,
My tranſport and my truſt;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is ſordid duſt.

3 All my capacious powers can wiſh,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light ſo dear,
Nor friendſhip half ſo ſweet.

4 Thy grace ſhall dwell upon my heart,
And ſhed its fragrance there;
The nobleſt balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll ſpeak the honours of thy name,
With my laſt lab'ring breath;
And dying, claſp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

Hymn XXXI.

Way to Canaan.

JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix'd my hopes upon;
His track I ſee, and I'll purſue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from baniſhment,
The King's highway of holineſs
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have ſought,
And mourn'd becauſe I found it not;

My grief, my burden long has been,
Becauſe I could not ceaſe from ſin.

4 The more I ſtrove againſt its power,
I ſinn'd and ſtumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour ſay,
Come hither, ſoul, "*I am the way.*"

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, bleſt Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but ſin I thee can give,
Nothing but love ſhall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to ſinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And ſay, "*Behold the way to God.*"

Hymn XXXII.

Holy Fortitude.

AM I a ſoldier of the croſs,
A follower of the Lamb?
And ſhall I fear to own his cauſe,
Or bluſh to ſpeak his name?

2 Muſt I be carried to the ſkies
On flowery beds of eaſe,
While others fought to win the prize,
And ſail'd through bloody ſeas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Muſt I not ſtem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign!
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Hymn XXXIII.

Apostacy.

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas! what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me:
To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assur'd
Thou art the Christ of God,

Who haſt eternal life ſecur'd
By promiſe and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels join'd,
Could never reach my caſe;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundleſs grace.

6 No voice but thine can give me reſt,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me bleſs'd,
And ſatisfy my heart.

7 What anguiſh has that queſtion ſtirr'd,
If I will alſo go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly anſwer—No!

Hymn XXXIV.

Not aſham'd of Chriſt.

JESUS! and ſhall it ever be
A mortal man aſham'd of thee?
Aſham'd of thee, whom angels praiſe,
Whoſe glories ſhine through endleſs days?

2 Aſham'd of Jeſus? ſooner far
Let evening bluſh to own a ſtar;
He ſheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted ſoul of mine.

3 Aſham'd of Jeſus? juſt as ſoon
Let midnight be aſham'd of noon;
'Tis midnight with my ſoul, till he,
Bright morning-ſtar, bid darkneſs flee.

4 Aſham'd of Jeſus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No; when I bluſh, be this my ſhame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Aſham'd of Jeſus? Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to waſh away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no ſoul to ſave.

6 Till then, (nor is my boaſting vain)
Till then, I boaſt a Saviour ſlain!
And O, may this my glory be,
That Chriſt is not aſham'd of me!

7 [His inſtitutions would I prize,
Take up my croſs, the ſhame deſpiſe;
Dare to defend his noble cauſe,
And yield obedience to his laws.]

Hymn XXXV.

Baptiſm.

COME, all ye lovers of the Lamb,
This path your dear Redeemer trod;
Behold him bending in the ſtream!
See him ariſe, approv'd of God!

2 Repenting ſinner, hither come,
Nor linger on the diſtant ſhore;
Your Saviour made this ſolemn rite
An emblem of his ſaving pow'r.

3 By faith alone the trembling ſoul
Can urge her claim to children's food;

She quits her hold on hopeleſs forms,
And ſeeks in Chriſt her only good.

4 Obedience flows from *willing* minds,
Renew'd and purify'd by grace;
Come freely to the goſpel pool,
All ye who humbly ſeek his face.

Hymn XXXVI.

The Year of the Redeemed.

COME, welcome this new year of grace,
Proclaim'd through Jeſus' blood;
The happy year of our releaſe,
To ſeal our peace with God.

2 We early wander'd from our God,
In the dark maze of ſin;
The year of the redeem'd is come,
To bring us back again.

3 We once could ſpurn at offer'd grace,
And ſlight a Saviour's charms;
The year of the redeem'd is come,
To call us to his arms.

4 We hear the goſpel's joyful ſound
Proclaim the jubilee:
The year of the redeem'd is come,
To ſet the ranſom'd free.

5 Ye aged ſaints, who long have ſigh'd
To ſee this happy day;
The year of the redeem'd is come,
To wipe your tears away.

6 Ye lovely youth, who late have known
The ſweets of pard'ning grace,
The year of the redeem'd demands
Your nobleſt acts of praiſe.

7 Now you can tell a ſcoffing world
Their threats are all in vain;
The year of the redeem'd is come
To recompenſe your pain.

8 But, O ye careleſs, Chriſtleſs ſouls,
Who ſcorn the happy few!
The year of the redeem'd will come,
And take them all from you.

9 Then will you mourn and ſay at laſt,
We did inſtruction hate;
The year of the redeem'd is paſt,
And now it is too late.

10 When Gabriel burſts the vaulted tomb,
And bids the dead ariſe,
We'll ſing the year of the redeem'd,
And lift our joyful eyes.

Hymn XXXVII.

Millennium.

THAT glorious day is drawing nigh
When Zion's light ſhall come;
She ſhall ariſe and ſhine on high,
Bright as the morning ſun.

2 The north and ſouth their ſons reſign,
And earth's foundations bend;

A bride adorn'd, Jeruſalem
All glorious ſhall deſcend.

3 The King who wears the glorious crown,
The azure flaming bow,
The holy city ſhall bring down
To bleſs the church below.

4 When Zion's bleeding, conqu'ring King
Shall ſin and death deſtroy,
The morning ſtars together ſing,
And Zion ſhout for joy.

5 The holy, bright angelic band,
Who ſing on harps of gold,
Hard by the throne in order ſtand,
When gentler numbers roll.

6 Deſcending in ſeraphic ſtrains,
Jehovah they adore;
Such ſhouts through earth's extenſive plains
Were never heard before.

7 Let Satan rage and boaſt no more,
Nor think his reign is long:
Though ſaints are feeble, weak and poor,
Their great Redeemer's ſtrong.

8 In ſtorms he is our hiding place,
A covert from the wind;
A ſhady Rock and flowing Stream
Through all the weary land.

9 This cryſtal ſtream runs down from heav'n,
It iſſues fom the throne;
The floods of ſtrife away are driv'n,
The church becomes but one.

10 This peaceful union ſhe ſhall know,
And live upon his love;

And ſhout and ſing his name below,
As angels do above.

11 A thouſand years ſhall roll around,
The church ſhall be complete;
Call'd by the trumpet's glorious ſound
Her Saviour for to meet.

12 She'll mount from earth and ſoar on high,
She'll fly to Jeſus' arms;
To gaze with rapture and delight
On her Beloved's charms.

13 Like apples fair his beauties are
To feed and cheer the mind;
No earthly fruit can ſo recruit,
Nor flagons full of wine.

14 Her troubles o'er, ſhe'll grieve no more,
But ſing in ſtrains of joy;
In rapture ſweet and bliſs complete
She'll feaſt, and never cloy.

Hymn XXXVIII.

Looking at the Croſs.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by ſhame and fear;
Till a new object ſtruck my ſight,
And ſtopp'd my wild career.

2 I ſaw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his croſs I ſtood.

3 Sure, never to my lateſt breath,
Can I forget that look ;
It ſeem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he ſpoke.

4 My conſcience felt, and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in deſpair ;
I ſaw my ſins his blood had ſpilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas ! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain ;
Where ſhall my trembling ſoul be hid ?
For I the Lord have ſlain.

6 A ſecond look he gave, which ſaid,
" I freely all forgive ;
" This blood is for thy ranſom paid ;
" I die, that thou may'ſt live."

7 Thus, while his death my ſin diſplays
In all its blackeſt hue,
(Such is the myſtery of grace)
It ſeals my pardon too.

8 With pleaſing grief and mournful joy
My ſpirit now is fill'd,
That I ſhould ſuch a life deſtroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

Hymn XXXIX.

Evening Song.

THE day is paſt and gone,
The evening ſhades appear :

O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unweari'd sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

Hymn XL.

The good Physician.

HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure the sin-sick soul!
At death's dark door he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

2 The worſt of all diſeaſes,
Is light compar'd to ſin ;
On ev'ry part it ſeizes,
But rages moſt within.
Tis palſy, plague, and fever,
And madneſs, all combin'd ;
And none but a believer
The leaſt relief can find.

3 From men great ſkill profeſſing,
I thought a cure to gain ;
But this prov'd more diſtreſſing,
And added to my pain.
Some ſaid that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave up all for loſt ;
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were croſs'd.

4 At length this great Phyſician
(How matchleſs is his grace !)
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my caſe :
Firſt gave me ſight to view him,
For ſin my eyes had ſeal'd ;
Then bid me look unto him ;
I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, riſen Jeſus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from dangers frees us,
And ſaves the ſoul from death.
Come then to this Phyſician,
His help he'll freely give ;
He makes no hard condition,
Tis only look and live.

Hymn XLI.

Recruiting Orders.

CHRIST is set on Zion's hill,
He receiveth sinners still;
Who will serve this blessed King?
Come, enlist, and with me sing:
I his soldier sure shall be,
Happy in eternity.

2 I by faith enlisted am
In the service of the Lamb;
Present pay I now receive,
Future happiness he'll give.
I his soldier, &c.

3 Zion's King my captain is,
Conquest I shall never miss;
Let the fiends of hell engage,
Fret, and foam, and roar and rage.
I his soldier, &c.

4 Let the world their forces join,
With the fiends of hell combine;
Greater is my King than they,
Through him I shall win the day.
I his soldier, &c.

5 Wicked men I scorn to fear,
Though they persecute me here;
True, they may the body kill,
But my King's on Zion's hill.
I his soldier, &c.

7 When this life's short space is o'er,
I shall live to die no more;

Therefore will I take the ſword,
Fight for Jeſus Chriſt my Lord.
I his ſoldier, &c.

8 Come ye worldlings, come enliſt,
'Tis the voice of Jeſus Chriſt;
Whoſoever will may come,
Jeſus Chriſt refuſeth none.
I his ſoldier, &c.

9 Jeſus is my Captain's name,
Now as yeſterday the ſame;
In his name I notice give,
All who come he will receive.
I his ſoldier, &c.

10 Be perſuaded, take his pay,
All your ſins he'll waſh away;
Now in Jeſus' name believe,
Future happineſs he'll give.
Yes, in heav'n you ſure ſhall be,
Praiſing God eternally.

Hymn XLII.

Saul's Armour.

WHEN firſt my ſoul enliſted,
My Saviour's foes to fight,
Miſtaken friends inſiſted,
I was not arm'd aright:
So Saul declar'd to David
He certainly would fail;
Nor could his life be ſaved
Without a coat of mail.

2 But David, tho' he yielded
To put the armour on,
Soon found he could not wield it,
And ventur'd forth with none :
With only ſling and pebble,
He fought the fight of faith ;
The weapon ſeem'd but feeble,
But prov'd Goliah's death.

3 Had I by him been guided,
And quickly thrown away
The armour men provided,
I might have gain'd the day ;
But arm'd as they adviſ'd me,
My expectations fail'd ;
My enemy ſurpriſ'd me,
And had almoſt prevail'd.

4 Furniſh'd with books and notions,
And arguments and pride,
I practis'd all my motions,
And Satan's power defy'd ;
But ſoon perceiv'd with trouble
That theſe would do no good ;
Iron to them is ſtubble,
And braſs but rotten wood.

5 I triumph'd at a diſtance
While he was out of ſight ;
But faint was my reſiſtance
When forc'd to join in fight :
He broke my ſword in ſhivers,
And pierc'd my boaſted ſhield,
Laugh'd at my vain endeavours,
And drove me from the field.

6 Satan will not be braved
By such a worm as I ;
Then let me learn with David
To trust in the Most High ;
To plead the name of Jesus,
And use the sling of pray'r ;
Thus arm'd, when Satan sees us,
He'll tremble and despair.

Hymn XLIII.

Grateful Recollection.

COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace !
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise :
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above :
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come ;
And I hope by thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.

3 O ! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !

Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter
Bind my wandering heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love!
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

Hymn XLIV.

Union.

ATTEND, ye saints, and hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Who sav'd me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And feel a blessed *Union.*

2 When first he view'd me from on high,
And saw my soul in ruin lie,
He look'd on me with pitying eye,
And said to me, as he pass'd by,
With God you have no *Union.*

3 Then I began to mourn and cry;
I look'd this way and that to fly;
It griev'd me sore that I must die;
I strove salvation for to buy,
But still I had no *Union.*

4 But when my Jesus took me in,
And with his blood did wash me clean,
'Twas then I hated every sin;
And O! what seasons I have seen
Since I have felt this *Union.*

5 I prais'd the Lord both night and day,
From houſe to houſe I went to pray;
And if I met one on the way,
I always had ſome word to ſay
About this bleſſed *Union*.

6 I wonder why old ſaints don't ſing,
And praiſe the Lord upon the wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring
With loud hoſannas to their King,
Who brought their ſouls to *Union*.

7 Return, backſliders, come away,
And learn to do as well as ſay;
Be careful that you watch and pray:
Come, bear your croſs from day to day,
And then you'll feel this *Union*.

8 We ſoon ſhall break all nature's ties,
On wings of love our ſouls ſhall riſe,
And ſhout ſalvation through the ſkies;
And gain the mark, and win the prize,
And feel a heav'nly *Union*.

9 Soon all the ſaints, now here below,
Will leave theſe climes of pain and wo,
And they will home to glory go;
And then they'll ſee, and hear, and know,
And feel this heav'nly *Union*.

10 Then we the glorious Lamb ſhall ſee,
Who groan'd and dy'd upon the tree;
And ſpilt his blood for you and me,
That we might his ſalvation ſee,
And feel this glorious *Union*.

11 When we recount life's dangers o'er,
Review the labours which we bore,

And ſee ourſelves ſafe on the ſhore,
With love our Conqueror we'll adore,
And feel increaſing *Union*.

12 When countleſs years are roll'd away,
Our vigour ſuff'ring no decay,
We'll all as one with rapture ſay,
We ſtill remember well the day
Our ſouls firſt felt this *Union*.

13 Hail, glorious JESUS! reign on high;
'Tis thou that brought us rebels nigh,
We'll ſhout Redemption through the ſky,
And praiſe thee to eternity,
For ſuch a glorious *Union*.

14 The hoſt of heaven will all agree
In rapt'rous ſtrains of praiſe to thee;
Shouting, *Eternal glory be,*
To Three in One, and One in Three,
Crying, O this glorious *Union*.

Hymn XLV.

The Heavenly Jeruſalem.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my ſorrows have an end;
Thy joys when ſhall I ſee?

2 Thy walls are all of precious ſtone,
Moſt glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly ſet with pearl,
Thy ſtreets are pav'd with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleaſant green,
My ſtudy long have been ;
Such ſparkling light, by human ſight
Has never yet been ſeen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why ſhould I ſtay from thence ?
What folly 'tis that I ſhould dread
To die and go from hence !

5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
And cauſe me to aſcend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And ſabbaths never end.

6 Jeſus, my love, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and ſee,
And all my brethren here below
Will ſoon come after me.

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care ;
And if I here no more ſee you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

8 There we ſhall meet and no more part,
And heav'n ſhall ring with praiſe,
While Jeſus' love in ev'ry heart
Shall tune the ſong FREE GRACE.

9 Millions of years around may run,
Our ſong ſhall ſtill go on ;
To praiſe the Father and the Son
And Spirit three in one.

10 When we've been there ten thouſand years,
Bright ſhining as the ſun,
We've no leſs days to ſing God's praiſe
Than when we firſt begun.

Hymn XLVI.

Humble Confidence.

LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a bleſſing thou beſtow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, preſſing caſe.

2 Doſt thou aſk me who I am?
Ah, my Lord, thou know'ſt my name!
Yet the queſtion gives a plea
To ſupport my ſuit with thee.

3 Thou did'ſt once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy,
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a ſinner near deſpair
Sought thy mercy-ſeat by pray'r;
Mercy heard and ſet him free,
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have paſs'd ſince then,
Many changes I have ſeen;
Yet have been upheld till now:
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou haſt help'd in every need,
This emboldens me to plead;
After ſo much mercy paſt,
Canſt thou let me ſink at laſt?

7 No—I muſt maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodneſs makes me bold;
I can no denial take
When I plead for Jeſus' ſake.

Hymn XLVII.

Parting Hymn.

WHY ſtay we here, ſo loth to part?
Tell me, O Chriſtian, has thy heart
Been warm'd with pure devotion's flame,
And fill'd with love to Jeſus' name?

2 If ſo, 'tis good to wait a while,
And weep to ſee our Saviour ſmile;
'Tis heav'n on earth to feel his grace,
And heav'n above, to ſee his face.

3 Bleſt moments theſe, when ev'ry tongue
Is loos'd, to chant the grateful ſong,—
" To Him who ſhed his blood for me,
" And ſet the groaning pris'ner free:

4 " To Him who foil'd the ſpoiler's pow'rs,
" Aſcended to his God and our's;
" Who ſits enthron'd where ſeraphs glow,
" And teach their ſtrains to ſaints below:

5 " To Him who hears the humbleſt pray'r,
" And wafts it to his Father's ear:
" To Him who ſent the promis'd Dove,
" To guide us ſafe to realms above."

6 What though we part, to meet no more
On this ſide Canaan's peaceful ſhore;
Yet, while we tarry let us pray,
And follow Jeſus in the way.

FINIS.

Nothing to minute about
Edmund's The day is fast & gone
1792
is the latest I find